The Manarola Hike of a Lifetime

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The Manarola Hike of a Lifetime

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Le Chevre and El Topo go on a hike on a rocky trail near Manarola, Italy, and it is tougher than they expected.

Notes

This is my first El Topo / Le Chevre fic! The story itself is loosely based on my recent experience in Manarola, Italy, one of the towns in the Cinque Terre, and climbing this very tough, rocky trail! I immediately thought of Le Chevre, and the idea for this story came to me. It is set in the present-day and post-canon. This has to be one of the shortest fics I've ever written, but I didn't want to make it any longer.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 12/13/24: This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World with some revisions (relatively minor). That revised version has been posted here.

See the end of the work for more notes

Le Chevre huffed. His friend, with digging gloves, which had claws attached to them, stood on the nearby ledge. "I thought you were a mountain goat," El Topo said, almost taunting him. Annoyed, Le Chevre replied, "I'm trying! But, this is hard…even for me!" El Topo let out a raucous laugh. If a mountain had been nearby, they would have been buried in a huge snowdrift. His voice echoed through the valley around the beautiful city of Manarola.

Le Chevre's face was as red as a ripe strawberry. He knew that, sometimes, El Topo would mess with him. This was one of those times. As they continued to ascend the trail, both of them happily said "Buongiorno!" to passing hikers, who often replied with one word: "Prego" or nodded their heads. The trail had not been what Le Chevre had been expecting, not at all.

He heard a somewhat unfamiliar voice call out, "Carm, you never said it would be this difficult!" The strange Bostonian accent reverberated in his ears. He then saw the trademark auburn hair he remembered, which did not fit the strange accent he heard. It was Carmen Sandiego, or as he originally knew her, as Black Sheep. She did not have on her trademark red fedora, nor her red waistcoat. Instead, she had on what looked like exercise clothes, which also could be used for hiking. She immediately recognized them.

"Hey, I never expected to see you both again after…VILE collapsed." Before Le Chevre could say anything, El Topo interjected. "Just going through Cinque Terre, hiking from city to city. Today Manarola, tomorrow Riomaggario."

Carmen wasn't surprised. El Topo and Le Chevre were both fit, athletic men. She had sensed they were a couple, even when she was in crime school. While there, she had crushes on male and female students, but never acted on any of them. Sometimes she wished she had. However, when she saw El Topo and Le Chevre flirting, she looked over at Ivy. She then recognized, once again, that she had picked a good teammate, and now, a good girlfriend.

"Have a good hike!" Carmen hollered. Ivy then yelled, "nice to meet you!" Le Chevre and El Topo nodded. They were too tired to say anything in response. They held each other’s hands and continued climbing the onerous trail. "Onward!" Le Cheve shouted. El Topo smiled back.

This hike would only be the beginning of their adventures in the beautiful Italian Riviera, and many challenges laid ahead for them.

End Notes

I wrote this while I was in Italy a few months ago, along with the stories "A Firenze Gelateria and Carmen's Delight", "Korra and Asami's Swim in Manarola's Natural Harbor", and "Ivy's Boboli Revenge and the Pitiful Palace" (working on), which I'm publishing on here, slowly. I had a lot of fun writing this story, even though I was sick while in Italy. I ended up typing it up many months later. Reading it makes me feel like I was there again!

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